Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, June 6, 1918 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

—*Minot J. Savage*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 223
Minot J. Savage 224

THE PULPIT—
Confirmation Class Sermon.—Lines.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 227

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
Logic?—PERCY DAWSON 225
The Peoples Church.—B. F. LINDAS 231

CORRESPONDENCE—
A Word from Ohio 226
Why Sacrifice the Cats?—DIANA BELAIS 226

POETRY—
Where Is God.—*Minot J. Savage* 221
The One I Hate.—*Strickland Gillilan* 223
Light on the Cloud.—*Minot J. Savage* 225
When in Doubt Sing.—*Jean Dwight Franklin* 233
An Artist's Prayer.—*Max Ehrmann* 233

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion. Beginnings. XIX. How Priests and Altars Began 233

THE FIELD—
The Spring Festival.—A. L. K. 235
Drink, A Challenge to America 235

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

Buy At Home
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Ave.

Carry a Complete
line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine
and Other Drug Using

Successful for 33 Years

**and still the best because
we keep up to date always**

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet
*All Correspondence Confidential
in plain envelope*

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
Chicago Office:
Suite 906 Rector Bldg.
79 W. Monroe Street

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

TO UNITY'S NEW READERS

No magazine can live without continual new subscriptions. The best advertisements of any periodical are its readers.
UNITY so far this year has made a remarkable showing.
Its subscription list is rapidly increasing.
We want YOU to help us keep up this showing.
Make it a point to interest at least one new reader in UNITY during 1918.
There *are* thoughtful people who would *like* and who will *read* UNITY.
Pass it around.

Subscription price, $2.00 per year.

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 700 Oakwood Blvd., CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC
COAL
TELEPHONE YARDS 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1918 Number 14

THE ONE I HATE.

I have in me a tendency to hate,
Yet see with joy that tendency abate,
As each new year against my casement knocks
And leaves his drift among my temple locks.

For sometimes I have hated hard and long,
And found, too late, that I had hated wrong.
I hold, at length, one dominant belief:
Hate comes but when acquaintance is too brief.

So now, when half inclined to nurture spite
Against some one I deem eschews the right,
I let not judgment yield unto my huff,
But say: "I do not know him well enough."

For always comes this thought to give me pause,
To plead the erring human's doubtful cause:
Although my eyes discover only ill,
God knows him through and through—yet loves him still!

—*Strickland Gillilan.*

The Jewish Rabbis of Chicago reinforced the President's proclamation by a special call upon the Jews of Chicago to spend Memorial Day as a day of fasting and prayer. With rather a startling sense of the exchange value of spiritual commodities they suggest a commercial equivalent to the above time honored expression of piety. They provide that:

> Those who feel that their physical condition will not warrant abstaining from food, or those who do not care to fast, may make a donation to a fund for establishing a hospital unit for overseas service to be sent wherever the United States government may decide.

The twentieth century has had its fling at Tetzel as the peddler of indulgences who aroused Luther's ire. Perhaps the psychology of this twentieth century commercialization of prayer is an evolution of the Tetzel philosophy, which, as the Catholic apologists have always contended, was rooted in common sense and capable of spiritual interpretation. Let us hope that somewhere there is a spiritual clearing house where the motives are interchangeable, and that all devotion is a thing of the spirit and not of form.

"Americanization a National Program" is the title of a leaflet published by the State Commission of Immigration and Housing of California. Simon J. Lubin is President and Paul Scharrenberg is Secretary. The main office is at 525 Market Street, San Francisco, California. The commission reports:

> Furthermore, the attitude of the alien toward this country, in great part, is a reflection of the attitude of our own citizens toward him. Americanization should undertake to teach the duty of the host, not less than the duty of the guest.

Professor Steiner in a recent address in Chicago emphasized the fact that talking was not enough; that any real process of Americanization must rest on democracy of feeling, on the understanding of the foreign born and an appreciation of what they can contribute. He deplored the foolish hysteria that would prohibit all languages but English in public places, and touched on the dangers of adopting the methods of the enemy while affecting to despise them. He laid great stress on the idealistic loyalty of foreign-born men and women. He said that in Budapest Washington and Lincoln were as well known to the school children as their own great leaders. Dr. Steiner never speaks but with power. We wish his address might receive the wider publicity that would come from adequate publication.

One of the ablest and best known members of the faculty of Vassar College is Professor Caroline E. Furness, who occupies the chair of astronomy made famous by Professor Maria Mitchell, and who has been one of the leading members and the secretary of the Poughkeepsie Unitarian Church ever since its organization five years ago. Professor Furness has been granted a leave of absence from her college duties for the coming year in order that she may make an extended visit to Japan, with the object in view of doing what she can to promote acquaintance and friendship between the scientists and educators and especially between the women of the two countries. She will carry with her a letter from the American National Alliance of Unitarian Women to Dr. Clay MacCauley and the liberal women of Japan, and will be glad to do anything in her power to strengthen the cause of liberal Christianity there. But her larger work will be educational, scientific and social, and will be unconnected with any denomination. She will act as a representative of the American National Council of Women, and will carry a letter to the Women's Patriotic League of Japan expressing greeting and the friendly regard of the women of this country for their Japanese sisters. She has also been appointed a special member of the Educational Committee of the American National Council to study the activities of women of Japan, especially along educational lines, and to report concerning the same on her return to this country. She will also go as a representative of the American Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and will endeavor to form a branch of the same in Japan, since there are in the

country a considerable number of graduates of American colleges,—among whom are Princess Oyama, Baroness Urin, and other women of distinction. Professor Furness has had much experience as an organizer of Red Cross work in her own state of New York, and hopes to put herself into close relations with that kind of work in Japan. But her especial interest will be the study of educational institutions and methods, scientific research, movements for civic improvement and social welfare, and above all the activities of women. She feels that in no way can we in this country be of more service to Japan or do more to draw the two nations into permanently friendly and helpful relations than by promoting a closer and more intelligent contact between Japanese and American women.

J. T. S.

UNITY has no apologies to offer for the rejection of manuscripts designed to present the "other side" of the war question and anxious to save the credit of UNITY by preserving the balance that would come from presenting both sides. Not through our choosing does UNITY find itself almost alone among the religious journals in America whose columns are open to those who believe that there is a "better way than war." Were our space multiplied many times it would all be needed to publish articles rejected and the advocacy of opinions debarred by our contemporaries. So far as the editorial management is concerned, the responsibility of which rests entirely with the Editor and for which he is alone responsible, it does not aspire to be an open forum or a debating ground. We are distrustful of debates. We believe much in frank statements. At the present time we are not much interested in discussing the status of Jesus, Christianity or the attitude of the Church to the war in general or this war in particular. We are very much interested in giving fellowship to those who are "ostracized" on account of their great faith in the potency of Love and the strength of their faith in the Brotherhood of Man. A group of Chicago ministers were reported the other day as giving wild applause to the orator who reminded them that their task was to "wipe the Germans off the face of the earth." We prefer to believe that "Love hath other ways of conquering tyranny" and a better use for human bodies than to make food for cannon or to make desolate the lands peopled by loving mothers, prattling babes, earnest youths and devoted fathers. UNITY will plead guilty, if necessary, to the charge of partiality in editing a one-sided advocacy. It is not unmindful that it forfeits the confidence of many friends and endangers something known as "future usefulness and influence," but so long as it can speak for the class who are not allowed to speak for themselves, and we believe that they are a greater multitude than press or pulpit would have us think, it will persist in believing in the adequacy of the higher resistance for the ultimate solution of the world problems. Our heart is justified and our head consents to its endorsement by such assurances as the following: A sister from out of a Nebraska prairie writes: "I want to say, *God Bless You!!* I cannot lay down your last sheet without saying again, God Bless You! I want to thank you for giving solace to the fairest woman I know, my aged mother, who bids me say that UNITY is like a staff for her. I wish you could see her dear eyes light up as with one hand she goes for her glasses. Such a sight would encourage you to keep on." Another discouraged woman wrote me recently: "UNITY is like a breath of fresh air in a stifled room." The terrible carnage now going on doubtless will make its contribution to the future sanity of the race, the ultimate triumph of democracy, but the realization of human brotherhood in European politics is not to be determined by battlefield triumphs. Whoever conquers will make a lamentable deposit in the bank of hate. No matter who is defeated the cause of justice and love in the long run will triumph. Emerson's Hymn of Faith rings clear in our ear, even when the air is torn by the thunder of cannon, through the clouds of powder smoke we see the flags of nations bordered with white flying in the clear blue above the battle smoke.

Stainless soldier on the walls!
Knowing this, he knows no more,—
Whoso fights, and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore!

He who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

And forever! But his foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Sees aloft the red right Arm
Straight redress the eternal scales.

Minot J. Savage

For twenty-two years in Boston and ten years in New York City Mr. Savage was clearly the most successfully aggressive Unitarian minister in America. Habitually he had the largest congregation and his big Sunday hearing was greatly augmented by a wide circle of readers. With a fertility that was amazing and a popular gift of utterance that was delightful his Sunday sermon was promplty printed on the week following, and though there were but two notes in his message he was forever reiterating that message in a way that was never tiresome. He was not the many-handed citizen that Edward Everett Hale was. He did not touch the springs of social action and national honor with as varied and persistent a hand as Dr. Hale did. He lacked the poetic touch, the vibrant heart of Robert Collier whose successor he was in

the New York pulpit, but he compelled frank thought and encouraged candid investigation on theological and religious questions to a larger constituency than either of these great colleagues of his.

The two notes in Mr. Savage's message were: The Principle of Evolution and the Deathless Life, accepting the conclusions of the men of science with their implications on the first note and accepting with a religious fervor the fact of spirit communication after death on the other. He was for many years one of the most conspicuous and active members of the Society for Psychical Research.

The claim that Mr. Savage was the first to accept the doctrine of evolution as fundamental in his pulpit administration can hardly be borne out. The editor of UNITY took for his graduation theme in 1870 the theological bearings of the evolution theory, and the acceptance as fundamental of this law growth in the realms of the spirit as well as in matter was commonplace among the student body at that time. Mr. Savage's ministry in Boston began in 1874, but he was the first successful exponent of the principle in such a way as to command attention and profoundly affect the thinking of the Protestant religious world. He was a preacher to preachers and his message was echoed more or less distantly in unnumbered so-called orthodox pulpits.

His acceptance of the conclusions of spiritualists and his endorsement of the same apparently did not receive so prompt a recognition nor carry convictions from so wide an audience. The explanation is obvious. With all explanations and in the face of all manifestations the gulf between life and death, humanly speaking, is profound, and though the voice be that of one returning from Abraham's bosom, it must make its converts one by one.

In addition to the wonderful fertility of the ministry that began as a Congregationalist in a Framingham pulpit in Massachusetts, passing to Hannibal, Missouri, where after four years of successful ministry he spent one year as pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in Chicago, from which he went into his great life's work in Boston and New York already referred to, Mr. Savage was a poet of no mean order. His sermons doubtless overshadow his poetic contributions, but he illumined the pages of the religious press with many a song of the spirit and hymn of love. One poem at least has become classic to all those who know American poetry. This we print on the cover page of this week's UNITY.

Forty-two years as a shepherd of souls; seventy-seven years of human life enter into the story of this successful minister of the liberal faith. Harvard College in 1896 worthily bestowed the title of D. D. upon one who had never enjoyed a college course.

The life of UNITY practically parallels the ministry of Minot Savage. Their work was interchangeable. Our pages welcomed his message and his fellowship was a pleasant help in the UNITY sanctum continuously.

The "rift" he anticipated came suddenly and the "glorious bridge" he prophesied he is traversing on his way to the eternal star. We let him chant his own cheerful funeral anthem:

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
  There's never a vale so fair
But over it sometimes shadows lie
  In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
  And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
  Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on the only downward side:
  Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
  There's light *upon* the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,
  Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east winds blow
  From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
  When the joys of life seem few,
A rift will break in the evening dun,
  And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
  Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
  Where shine the eternal stars.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

Logic?

In a recent number of the *Christian Register* (May 2, p. 420) George R. Dodson writes a prescription for unhappy pacifists, which has stimulated the present communication.

On reading this prescription one is reminded of a previous article by Mr. Dodson entitled "The Menace of Militant Socialism," which appeared in UNITY in June, 1911. Much of this I have forgotten, but one point so impressed me at the time that I made it the basis of an address on Socialism and the Family. It is to be borne in mind that when I refer to the article of 1911 it is to that part of it only which dealt with the alleged attitude of socialists toward the family.

Both of the articles above referred to were scholarly and calm, qualities which we always expect from Mr. Dodson, but were so thoroughly vitiated by the same error of logic that I am recommending them to a friend who has a professional interest in errors of this sort.

In the 1911 article Mr. Dodson says the socialists (examples given) believe and hope that their program will destroy the family; therefore those who desire continuance of the family should oppose socialism. Here Mr. Dodson neglects to mention the still greater number of socialists who believe and hope that

their program will preserve the family, from which he might with equal justice have concluded that those who desire the continuance of the family should support socialism.

In his recent article Mr. Dodson intimates that pacifists are pacifists because they are emotional and sentimental; therefore let them use their minds and be relieved of their errors. The superstructure of the argument is very clear and convincing, but when we come to look at the premises we find there an assumption which dispassionate critics cannot allow. No doubt there are hysterical pacifists (Mr. Dodson has evidently examined some); but there is as little doubt that there are rational pacifists. To be sure they may be mistaken, but that is beside the question. The bald fact remains that if Mr. Dodson tells these people to use their minds they would calmly tell him that they had done so and might express surprise that Mr. Dodson had used his to such bad advantage. Mr. Dodson has found his mentality superior to that of irrational pacifists just as the rational pacifist might feel his superiority over some irrational belligerent. But what would happen when Greek meets Greek! A deadlock? Scholarly modesty (if there be anywhere such a thing) might admit this possibility. Both parties would appeal to history. Both point to Russia though the one would cry How horrible! and the other How splendid!

The best that a scholar can do is to analyze the situation with as much detachment as Veblen has shown in his "Nature of Peace" written before the war. The best that a statesman can do is to do as President Wilson has done, or tried to do, to find employment for pacifists which, while of benefit to the community, is too far from belligerency to offend the most squeamish conscientious objector.

But the problem of the "conscientious objector" is not merely a war problem. It is a problem which must be faced and solved every so often. Its essence is a protest on the part of the governed against those governing, the condition of the protest is that the protestant believes that his allegiance to his ideal is of more significance to mankind than his allegiance to the ruling power, be that king, law, majority or public opinion. Some protestants are fools, some are saints. Our behavior toward them may have to be some elaboration of the method of Gamaliel. But this is a problem for wiser minds than mine, for Mr. Dodson's, for example, for I desire to take no special credit to myself for having stumbled on some of the inadvertencies of a former colleague, who has given us Bergson and the Modern Spirit and has won the love and respect of so many good and thoughtful people.

PERCY DAWSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

From a railroad man in Ohio:

Dear UNITY: I wish to embrace this opportunity to acknowledge the immeasurable uplift and experience of joy that I receive from reading UNITY each week that it comes to my desk. Somehow I cannot go at my work with the zest that it demands without the stimulus of this great paper. For the past twenty years I have at various times subscribed to the different religious papers published in our land, but in none of them could I find the supreme satisfaction that I enjoy in absorbing the meaty and inspiring articles written from time to time by the great hearted and noble minded contributors to UNITY.

I live in a community that is apparently dead to the appeals of the liberal, free and constructive spirit that beams from almost every line of UNITY. We have four churches in our village of about 1,500 souls and not in a solitary one of them can one detect any signs of initiative, thought or freedom.

Over and over again we hear repeated the old worn-out and stereotyped phrases of orthodoxy with reference to salvation by faith in Jesus and him crucified. Because I taught character and reason as a condition to salvation in my Sunday School class I was eliminated some three or four years ago. So you may imagine what a source of comfort and refreshment the living spirit of UNITY affords me.

I sincerely hope that those who have the management in charge may never become lax or grow weary in the great work in which you are engaged.

Why Sacrifice the Cats?

Dear UNITY: A copy of your paper, April 11, 1918, has been sent me in which I note the following:

"The question of the uselessness of dogs and cats is being agitated both in American and English papers. Lord Hamilton has been advising the killing of dogs and making them into meat pies, and attacks on dogs are being led in the House of Commons. The destruction of dogs and cats as pets is urged in the United States for sanitary reasons. UNITY is willing to sacrifice the cats, but it would like to draw the line on dogs who have established human relations, on the score that they have been so humanized that the destruction of their lives verges on the crime of homicide. But then in these days when human slaughter is so commended the humanized dog can scarcely be held exempt."

UNITY means oneness, not only in the material but in the spiritual sense, in which latter signification it is used, I believe, by your publication.

Spirit is universal, indivisible, one. May I ask, then, how it is you can quite indifferently declare that your organization "is willing to sacrifice the cats," when, by all logic, all justice, all mercy, the cats—as well as all sentient life even lower in the scale than they—are one with the dogs and humans UNITY is willing to save?

A Spirituality which limits itself stultifies itself, utterly, and seems scarcely of that quality which can bear the strain of the needs of the human and sub-human races, the latter requiring from the former an even greater expression of the divine essence than those of its own kind.

(MRS.) DIANA BELAIS,
President, New York Anti-Vivisection Society.

There is a "struggle for existence" deeply rooted in nature. Of the life of the globe it may be said, as of the life of man, "On stepping stones of our dead selves we rise to better things." There is not room on this globe for the unhindered development of all forms of life. Darwin called our attention to the fact that even the slow breeding elephant would eventually crowd the earth and the sea would become a solid mass of codfish if the process of selection was to cease. If we are to have sheep to furnish us wool for clothing, if not meat for our tables, the wolves and sheep-eating dogs must be removed. Man-eating tigers must not be tolerated if men are to be brought to their maximum. The cat is the leopard, degenerated by human affection. There remains of the fierce nature only the sharp claws and the dexterity of the panther and the birds alone remain to satisfy the cat's primal instincts, for the mice and rats are a negligible element in the life of the luxurious "tabby." Because we believe that the birds are more valuable elements in the life of the globe than cats we are willing to have the latter eliminated, not by cruelty, but by a cessation of the artificial propagation of this breed of murderers. Believing as we do that this earth is for the noblest, the cat family, whether they be quarupedal or bipedal, are doomed by the workings of the Eternal laws that make for love, service and peace.—*Editor.*

THE PULPIT

LINES

A Confirmation Class Sermon

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Abraham Lincoln Centre, May 19, 1918.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Father, help us to dedicate our lives anew to thee this morning. May thy blessing rest on youthful hearts and abide in the hearts of the elders. May the ties that bind young and old, the rich and poor, far and near in one brotherhood, be here realized. Nay, may the ties that bind each and all of us with all sentient life, in the sea and the air, the creeping, walking, flying things, be felt this morning. We are all members of one family. Nay, may we feel this morning the ties that bind the weakest child to the farthest star, the poor stumbling, sinning human with the flying comets. Father, help us to realize the ties that make us forever thine. Help us to realize thy presence, oh God, in the mystic economy of our bodies and the magical movements of our minds and the divine hunger of our hearts. We are with thee, of thee and for thee, forever and forevermore. Amen.

Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

—*Emerson.*

I would like to make this a sermon on lines. What is a line anyhow? Where is it, where should it be and who is to draw it?

In another poem of Emerson's, mystical but full of human life and experience, the great Uriel, who is the god of the sun, the god of light, one of the heroes in Milton's poem, is pictured as coming in upon a conclave of lesser gods who are in hot dispute over the sanctities: "Is it this or is it that? Is it black or is it white? This is heresy, that is orthodox. This is faith, that is unbelief. This is holy, that is unholy." But this god of the light, genius of the day, rebukes the disputants and says:

"Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless and ice will burn."
As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky;
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival
The rash word boded ill to all;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bounds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion.

You will have to read it a great many times before you will realize it fully. You must live deeply before you reach its ultimate meaning. Most of the quarrels of the world are over lines. The disputes of the centuries have been concerning lines. The ostracisms, bereavements, banishments, the martyrdoms have all been inspired by the disputes about lines; lines geographic, lines racial, lines theological, lines social, lines financial, political lines, party lines, sectarian lines, race lines, all kinds of lines.

Again I ask what is a line? It would puzzle us to find a definition that would satisfy the mathematician. The only definition that I carry with me from the schoolbook of my boyhood days is that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points." Another attempt said that a line had length but no breadth. I do not know how to define a crooked line and I would not know how to draw a straight line without the help of a ruler and it would leave no track except on the paper on which it was drawn. I remember as a schoolboy being amused by the story of a foolish boy who sat up all night on shipboard that he might see the Equator when the ship sailed across. He was sorry and surprised to find that they had crossed the equator but he had not seen it.

What is the equator? The old geographies used to define it as an imaginary line drawn around the globe equi distant from the poles. The geograhers have drawn very fast and definite lines around this globe. The lines running north and south called meridians, the lines running east and west called parallels. I have traveled up and down this earth a good deal afoot, on horesback, by carriage, automobile and ship, but I never found them. There is nothing in nature that answers to the very definite lines and circles that I find on this globe which I hold in my hand. Here are the arctic and antarctic circles, the meridians—all these that you know more about than I do for you are going to school.

Surely there are imaginary lines drawn to help us spell out the globe, which is one.

Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round.

Again, this globe is painted in various colors. Here are red, yellow, black and brown countries, implying very definite boundaries. You can see if you consult a larger map than this is just where Germany ends and France begins. We used to think we could trace it. We are not so confident now. We know there was a clear distinction between England and Wales, the land in which I was born, and if you look northward far enough you will see another line that separates England from Scotland, but if you go hunting these lines, they will disappear. Nature has not painted the nations in colors, remember that. The old atlas was a convenient delusion, it told lies for conscience sake, for lines in human nature as in nature are not found. They do not exist.

Men and women as well as the unit and universe are round. There are no geographical or political lines that stay as permanent barriers. Men soon learn to love and to hate across the boundaries.

Perhaps you think that race lines are more enduring. If the boundaries of France are uncertain, the Frenchman is a more definite thing. We may believe for a while that a Frenchman is a Frenchman wherever we may find him, that the Irishman will abide always within lines, but that is a very silly fiction of the schoolbooks and school children. I am sorry to say that this foolishness is enforced too often by the school mistress and the school master. The truth is if you go a least mite below the surface you will find the German, the Frenchman, the Italian and the English are one, one today, cut any one of them and they will bleed. The surgeon will tell you that one anesthetic suffices in the operating room. The adjustments of the brain and the recoil of the heart, this marvelous system of nerves and veins and muscular compact are the same all the world over.

More than this, as I often have occasion to say in these days, a kiss is international, a mother's tears are international. The father's care is the same everywhere. Indeed the words for father and mother, the

home words, the fireside words, sound very alike in all languages. Baby talk is the same the round world over. No! line in human nature is not found any more than on this material globe upon which we live.

But were the lesser gods in Emerson's poem of "Uriel" disputing about things more fundamental? They were disputing about the idea of God, the nature of the soul, its origin and its destiny. These are the profound problems of life. Shall we call them the theological problems of life? The lesser gods said, "surely here are lines which we dare not ignore. For here certainly is the infidel separated from the believer, the skeptic from the devout, the saved from the damned, the followers of the Devil from the worshippers of God. We dare not ignore this fundamental line of thought." The members of the Confirmation Class which I am addressing know that we have spent our year in trying to discover the most obvious truth that lines in theology do not exist, that by the grave and the cradle side there are no Protestants and no Unitarians, no Methodists and no Baptists, aye, no Protestants and no Catholics, no Jews, no Christians and no Mohammedans. For the great primal agonies of the world, the great supreme experiences of the human soul are alike in all lands and the philosophies of all nations deal with the same verities. The theological lines are obliterated by study.

> Line in nature is not found,
> Unit and universe are round.

But let us follow a little farther the guidance of the greater god Uriel, the god of light whose home is in the sun. Dare we say that these other lines we draw too easily and too confidently etween the good and the bad, between the saved and the damned, between the holy and the unholy, all vanish on investigation or at least evade our survey? Here as everywhere lines deceive, for if we go to draw a line around the bad, we will find in the worst something good. If we go in search of the best we will find something weak and sad in them that makes the heart sorrowful.

No, we cannot divide human nature with a line, separating the good from the bad. I know that the poem says that the old war god frowned. How run our lines?

> The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
> The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
> Seemed to the holy festival
> The rash word boded ill to all;
> The balance-beam of Fate was bent.

Even "the balance-beam of Fate was bent." Even this last safe line between the good and the bad, the saved and the damned disappears. We never can divide human nature; no, not even your own nature, and say this is the good side and that is the bad side of us. The line fades into tenderness and helplessness, no line stays. But the good impulses of today may degenerate and yield to the evil passions of tomorrow, and the proud passions of the hour may ripen into holy penitence, humanity and appreciation tomorrow. You cannot divide human nature. If there be a hell, it is paved as the old theologians said, with good intentions, and if there be a heaven distinct from hell it is marred with limitations innumerable and shadowed with sad defects.

Of course if these lines prove unreal and are only surface scratches upon the solid globe, chip this globe anywhere you will and you will come into common territory. Sink your investigations at any point and you strike the same stratas, the undercurrents of subterranean rivers, the hidden treasure of the rocks.

Of course all social distinctions, lines that divide the "nice people and the people who are not nice, don't you know," the people who belong to our set and the other people with whom our set never go, the people on the boulevard *versus* the people on the alley, the people with bank accounts *versus* those who have none, the "respectable people" and the "slum people" are very unreal.

O my children, if our studies mean anything they help us to realize that these lines are unreal, fanciful, changeable, ever giving way to the larger benignant truth that life is one, and O how petty and how small are our pretensions, how unwise and how insincere are our petty distinctions, our race pride! Rudyard Kipling in his poem of "Gunga Din" describes the colored water-carrier of the regiment who brought to him the draught that gave him his life. He said he was "white, clear white, inside."

> By the living Gawd that made you
> You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

The stories of valor and heroism, the experiences of love and tenderness the round world over demolish the lines of race, sect and creed as well as political bodies.

But all this is from the text that I find in Emerson's poem of "Uriel." What about this text of ours, found in his worshipful prelude to his essay on "Worship"?

> Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine.

These are the lines you are concerned with this morning, which you selected as your class motto and gave to me for a text. Did you offer it as a poser, wondering what I could say to it?

Does it not seem as if at last we have found a line that stays between things human and things divine? Would it not seem that we have come to a place where there is a permanent distinction between man and God?

Indeed, we do stand in the presence of a marvelous mystery. Whatever we are we are not a man-made product. Wherever our minds came from we did not make them. Whatever the mystery of life is we cannot probe it, we did not create life. We cannot thwart life, we found life in the world and we will leave life in the world. And we ourselves, of which we are most inclined to boast, we of the blue eyes or the black eyes, of the curly hair or the straight hair, of the fair and swarthy complexion, find this whole wonderful architecture of this body of ours beyond our chosing and beyond our creating. What do we know of the profound functions, the mechanism of our own bodies? Your bodies and mine are buried deep below our superficial consciousness and lifted high beyond our self control. Only the physician tutored in the dissecting-room can describe to you your stomach or mine. Only the physician through long study can tell to you something, not much, of this tireless pump, working night and day, summer and winter, asleep and awake, keeping up the perpetual motion which to cause to cease is to bring death. You cannot control it. You are in blissful ignorance of its existence until you intrude upon the domain of the divine and interfere with the unknown forces and bring upon yourself the pain that is a rebuke for your disloyalty,

a penalty for your lack of faith and punishment for infidelity.

Now if the very pulses of your heart that send the red current flowing through the mystic avenues of life, from toe to crown, rebuilding on the way the wasted tissues, renewing the exhausted forces, is not ours to control, not ours to create, not ours to understand, how much more mysterious, how much deeper lie the profundities that provoke a smile and bring a tear that causes you to beat your pillow in sleepless shame over a wayward action or thoughtless word? What is it that brings to us now a sense of peace with all the world and anon a sense of restlessness, a feverish dissatisfaction with all the world?

I do not know what it is. You do not know, Emerson did not know. But he knew and we feel that all this is related to some unseen fountain, a reality that cannot be touched, weighed or measured, some realm of spiritual reality that like the material reality is round and not subject to disconnections and spurious lines.

It is not strange that man in his infirmity and his ignorance should seek for the source of all this power in some far off orb, some throne high in the sky, purchance in some far off personality in history, some servant in Asia, some revelator on Sinai, some Hindu or Chinese law-giver, and that such personality be called divine. The God given Savior, the God-man, is of course far removed from America and Chicago, unrelated to the Confirmation Class of All Souls Church of 1918.

This is a good way to begin your faith. This is the best the child-man can think, but of course its thinking is childish. But we believe that there are other Sinais than those in the Arabian Peninsular, there have been other law-givers than Moses. Others than the beautiful Jesus who have climbed Calvaries bearing their own crosses and triumphing over the world by submission. And we believe that wherever these revelations break upon us there the divine impinges upon our thought. But if there were to you and to me no Moses and no Jesus, no Buddha and no Socrates, were the story of Asia as flat as we think the story of our arid land of Arizona, still there is something beyond your thinking and mine that does think below our conscious feeling, that gives feeling and makes thought, and to so feel and to so think puts us in touch with something divine. If we fail to find God in history, as the great Bunsen found him when he wrote his great book on "God in History," we do find him in our own lives and our small but holy experiences, for

> . . . Round and round we run;
> And ever the Truth comes uppermost,
> And ever is Justice done.

This great German God finder in history, lying on his dying bed with his eyesight failing, said with breaking voice to his wife, *"In thy face have I seen the eternal!"*

No child weary on a mother's breast, looking into the mother's eyes but is actuated by the worshipful emotion that has written Bibles, built cathedrals and made martyrs.

Thus, my children, we find the last line between the human and the divine obliterated. No one can tell where the one ends and the other begins. Now all books become holy, there is no profane book. Now our sacred days become sacred centuries, our revolutionary heroes become the saviors of the nations.

An old saying runs that man is a god to his dog. This is as tender a religious truth as it is a profound psychological fact. For the bond that binds the faithful hound to his dominating master is a part of that endless chain that binds "the universe around the feet of God," as Tennyson puts it.

As we demolish lines we lay new hold of the globe; in losing sight of meridians and parallels we realize the more fully the solidity and rotundity of the earth. Our study now is of a round globe and not of a flat *map* that men have sketched and painted. We begin to realize that this earth home of ours is a speck in space, flying not without guidance, not undirected, but yielding forever to an astronomical attraction that appears in the infinity of space. Some of you had the privilege of getting a new measure of it as you looked through the telescope on the top of Lincoln Centre last Wednesday night. What a revelation of God was that telescope party to the children of our Sunday School!

The last line I would like to demolish is the line between things sacred and things secular. The old books used to have what they called sacred history and profane history. The preachers used to talk about some things of sense and time and some other things belonging to God and eternity. The last book of "sacred history" has been written and the term "profane history" is now absurd. There is history, but not a line of it is profane history. There is history, not sacred history, for all history is sacred and all life is divine.

In conclusion let me give Emerson another chance. Emerson wrote these sustaining lines which you have given me for a text as a prelude to his essay on "Worship." This essay caused the lesser gods to flounder as they did in the poem "Uriel" because they thought he was bringing confusion into heaven.

Let me give you a few texts from his sermon on "Worship" which is found in the volume entitled "The Conduct of Life," which I presented to each of you at your recognition on last Easter day, over two hundred copies of which I have been permitted to give from this desk to young men and young women of my Confirmation classes reaching back through successive years. I have selected this book for my Confirmation Class alumni because it is filled with a faith in God that knows no lines, a religious trust reaching from the brute to the soul and sources of the race from the worm to the angels.

I like this sentence; it has helped me many times. He says:

I dip my pen in the blackest ink, because I am not afraid of falling into my inkpot.

You may not now appreciate this mystic sentence as you will later along in life. If your life is to be in tune with the universe and your heart to be in accord with the life of the noble, you must dare often to stand wherever conscience calls, you must dare speak whenever and whatever your judgment demands, you must dare often to stand out and stand up for the things that seem to you holy and divine.

When such tests come be not afraid, "Dip your pen in the blackest of ink" and tell the truth and you will never fall into the ink bottle.

Again Emerson says:

"We are born loyal. The whole creation is made of hooks and eyes, of stickingplaster; and whether your

community is made in Jerusalem or in California, of saints or of wreckers, it coheres in a perfect ball."

It is the solid globe that we must stand for. Again he says:

"We are born believing. A man bears beliefs as a tree bears apples. A self-poise belongs to every particle, and a rectitude to every mind, and is the Nemesis and protector of every society."

There is a big truth in this saying. You may have to search for it. It may not mean much to you now. But wait and work, think and love and it will come some day.

Speaking of the poor function of those who still want to discover meridians and parallels on this globe, those who sit up nights hoping to see the equator when they pass across it, this quarrel about lines and creeds. He says it has left *"a whole population of gentlemen and ladies out in search of religion."*

That is the condition of many of us today. The old faith in lines is breaking down, the old confidence in doctrines, in creeds and symbols is failing men and women who are in search of religion, but when they dig down deep into the globe they will find it. Here is another text for them:

God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions.

I sometimes shock my ministerial friends when I tell them that I rejoice to hear of some poor freezing church that has died, died in a community of churches, died because it has tried to live on a superficial interpretation, on sectarian lines. Let the little separate churches die that the great church of God may endure. We hear a great deal about "Church union," not too much, but as the Editor of UNITY said last week, "there will be no real union until there are a good many 'church funerals.'" A great many "headquarters" and "missionary secretaries" and "committees" will have to pass out of existence before the community church will be organized as a great family seeking the holy life and the religion of helpfulness.

Here are some more sentences for us to think about:

"Souls are not saved in bundles" and *"men talk of 'mere morality'*—which is as much as if one should say, *'Poor God, with nobody to help him!'"*

O yes, folks sometimes say "that is very ethical but it is not religion." The Unitarians in my father's day were told that they were very good citizens but that that would not save them, very good neighbors but that was a poor credential to offer at heaven's gate when death brought us into the divine presence. Let us believe that a pure morality will guide us to the altars of religion. What is there finer and higher than the moralities? We are attuned to God when we live in harmony with man.

We read in our essay, *"Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances," "The dice of God are loaded."* If you gamble with destiny you are lost, because you have played with loaded dice. Again he says, *"The way to mend the bad world is to create the right world."*

Would you rid politics of dirty dregs, would you renovate our city councils and state legislatures, would you reconstruct Europe, you never can do it by shooting men. You can do it only by planting the good.

Emerson wrote this essay on "Worship" and his poem of "Uriel" when the Boston atmosphere was lurid with theological controversy, when even the Unitarians, the most progressive element in Boston with fountain head at Harvard College, were agitated at the teaching of this man who would demolish lines because they feared he would bring confusion into the church and would denude the sanctities.

Listen to his great and serene conclusion. It is one of the choice passages in Emerson, the conclusion of this essay on "Worship." You must read it when life has enriched you with experience. Read it when you are tried by the problems of life. Read it in times of doubt and in your hours of serene trust. Read it in times of great sorrow and high joy.

There will be a new church founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, the algebra and mathematics of ethical law, the church of men to come, without shams, or psaltery, or sackbut; but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. Was never stoicism so stern and exigent as this shall be. It shall send man home to his central solitude, shame these social, supplicating manners, and make him know that much of the time he must have himself to his friend. He shall expect no co-operation, he shall walk with no companion. The nameless Thought, the nameless Power, the supra-personal Heart,—he shall repose alone on that. He needs only his own verdict. No good fame can help, no bad fame can hurt him. The Laws are his consolers, the good Laws themselves are alive, they know if he have kept them, they animate him with the leading of great duty, and an endless horizon. Honor and fortune exist to him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great,—always feels himself in the presence of high causes.

In the presence of "high causes" I leave you this morning with the question unanswered as to where the line is to be drawn between the human and the divine, because there is no line. If I read them into Bible texts I am blind to the revelation of nature, too ignorant of history to learn its lessons. In the quiet hours of midnight, in the solitudes of your own thoughts, in the loneliness of your own hearts you will find yourselves in the presence of the Eternal. This last unfailing resource of life is always near to you.

Miss Johnson will sing for us the conclusion of the whole matter as Edwin Markham gives it:

EARTH IS ENOUGH.

We men of earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other stones to build
The stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.
Here on the paths of every-day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Help us to realize thy presence, thou Holy God within and to follow thy lead into the mysteries of the past and into the prophecies of the future. Amen.

The People's Church

I want to talk to you this morning on the question of The Church and religion. It is a question that cannot be ignored for it touches every side of our private and business life.

Most of the confusion, it has always seemed to me, between the different religious sects, between the doubter, the secularist and the religiously-minded man, is due to a confusion of terms, and that we would be much farther along the road to an understanding, if we always knew just what the other fellow meant. We have then some preliminary questions to solve: What is religion? Is religion a natural emotion of man? What is a Church? What is the true mission of the Church? How can that mission be best fulfilled?

Religion is a word that has been defined in so many different ways, that one almost feels appalled at the thought of trying to reconcile them. Yet, if we take away the appendages of superstition; discount the obviously far-fetched, we will find, I think, beneath the hardening shells of excessive phraseology this kernel of truth, "Religion is the dedication of one's whole life—his body, mind and will, to eternal law." Religion is the dedication of a life to the observance of physical, moral and spiritual laws, as mankind discovers these laws externally or internally. Religion, therefore, means adherence to truth and the religious man is the real truth-seeker.

This very statement of what religion is does away almost entirely with the possibility of creeds or dogmas, for different people will always have different ideas and different viewpoints of the same things. It is not necessary to think alike, it is only necessary to think honestly. It is not necessary to reach the same conclusions, it is only necessary to receive all conclusions with tolerance.

For each particular individual the individual soul is, of course, the center of religious life, but the circumference of this religious life should be so all-embracing as to include all the world. It is this fact that makes religion synonymous with brotherhood, for the basis of every society is communism, brotherhood and fellowship, and whoever deeply and spiritually feels this brotherhood and fellowship of his neighbor, of all his fellowmen, is a religious man though he call himself an agnostic or an infidel.

Religion can never be based on a creed, and creed-bound churches cannot and do not necessarily lead to a real religious life. Religion, if it is based on anything, is based on a union of spirit and not a uniformity of doctrine. Christ never thought of a creed, never thought of expressing religion except through a community of brotherhood. He never contemplated a New Testament, and he certainly never contemplated some of the monstrosities that were to be built upon it.

Religion is a real need for man. In fact, it is part of every man; it is as natural as any human appetite and becomes part and parcel of all human character. Truly has it been said that, "The real use of man is to be able with all his senses and intelligence and skill and moral faculties to act as a channel through which the devoted kindness and good-will of all the universe may run and show itself." Religion looked upon in this way becomes the real fragrance of life, an atmosphere of love and affection, a communism of spirit. Religion looked upon in this way becomes the abiding satisfaction of normal needs, the solace of sorrow and the expression of life's highest joy.

But religion can bring us these joys and this happiness only if we never lose sight of the fact that religion is not what we believe about things, but the spirit in which we accept things and face things. Religion, then, is the spirit of brotherhood, of kindness and of justice. We should not seek to define it further, for to do so is to erect a barrier. To define it further may mean the exclusion of some worthy soul from your congregation. To state your religion in any more definite terms is to make a co-religionist of everyone who can patter a creed.

"Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord—Lord' shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

"Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, he is my brother, and sister and mother."

And what is the will of our Father in Heaven? Physical and moral law. And what is it to obey the will of our Father? To be true to these eternal laws. But you must obey these laws only because you believe them to be true. You must obey on moral and spiritual grounds. To follow a rule of conduct on any other ground is to submit and not to obey. To be good to your fellowman through fear deserves no praise. You should love your fellowman, and be just to him, because in your heart you feel his brotherhood.

But, the question is asked, can't a person be religious without a Church? They can—they may be educated without a school; they may be cured of physical ills without a hospital; they may have the soul of a poet and never have penned a line. Yet the churches fill a real need in the world for those who are religious as well as for those who think that they are not, just as a school is a great help to even those who might have done without them. But by Church I do not mean the building; I do not mean vast cathedrals, magnificent altars, formulated creeds, ecclesiastical councils, and all the hocos-pocos of rigid formalism. By Church I mean nothing more than an assembly of people to worship God—God as they understand the term—by the service of Man. There is no other way to worship God than by serving your fellowman.

The Church of this kind then becomes the great power-house of human service; a place where human beings can come and be recharged, as it were, with the idea of making this place a pleasant and fruitful abiding place for the human race. The Church, a real Church, becomes a clearing-house for all means of betterment; city, state and nation. It is the place where reforms can be aired; where conflicting theories can be listened to; where forward-pointing principles may be given encouragement—business, politics, international law, all have their ethical side and the Church should be concerned with all of them.

But the Church must be more than a debating club; it must be more than a lecture course, a meeting place for radicals, or an association to assist those in need of more money or the comforts of life.

As Mr. Crooker says in "The Church of Today":

> There must be something more than cultivated and saintly individuals in the world, valuable as they are, if the

work of civilization is to be most successfully carried forward. Men must join hands to inspire one another and also to create the volume of power needed to sweep obstacles from the path of progress and to conquer the enemies of truth and right. The emancipation of the individual is a great gain, but the best part of his emancipation comes when he begins to work in common with and for others.

In the Church we participate in a religious life that is larger, richer, nobler than our own. It is communal, comprehensive, public and impressive. The gains and benefits are mutual and reciprocal. Through it we hand on our strength to strengthen others; in our weakness we find there the strength of others to sustain us.

A Church, then, is different from a political party, even a liberal party. It is for all parties, regardless of their slogan, if they are honestly searching for the truth. The Church is for every "ism" if it is inspired by a desire to help humanity. It is this composite atmosphere that creates the real, unapproachable power of the real Church.

The Church is different from any sect; it is for all sects, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Gentile, Anglican and Quaker; all should feel welcome and at home in the real Church. Yes, the Church should be so wide in its sympathies, so universal in its appeal, that it would not be even a Christian Church. To change somewhat those noble words of Thomas Paine, "The world should be its congregation." The real Church should have a welcome for the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, the Christian, the Confucianist, the Pagan, the Pantheist, the Agnostic or the Atheist. The real Church will be open to anyone, from any place, with any thought, the only requirement being that he is an honest searcher after truth, and willing to acknowledge the claims of brotherhood tugging at his heart.

The real Church will use no particular Bible but all bibles; it will worship not one Saviour but all saviours. It will not live in the past or in the future, but now. It will be as free and open as the prairies and over its portals will be inscribed—not a Christian, Jewish, or sectarian name—but, "This is the People's Church."

The Church has its real, distinctive mission different from any other organization in the world. It does not seek alone to bring a better living, more money or better surroundings. It means these things, of course, but in addition to this it wants to bring faith, hope, love, the joy of work, joy of beauty, joy of friendship, and the hope of an immortal life. The school can teach the facts of life, the liberal clubs and organizations can formulate the political and economic systems of tomorrow; the charitable and philanthropic institutions can help some of the fallen and the needy. The Church will do these things, also, some of them or all of them, but over them all it will spread that distinctive atmosphere that means moral encouragement to high and pure living.

The Church, then, is an open Forum that is afraid of no truth; that is devoted to all of human-kind; that is as wide as the world in its sympathies, that is rich in the outward expression of its inner life and that is ethical in all its social activities.

How, then, should such a Church be managed? It should be, as I have said, an open Forum. It should not hesitate at the discussion of any subject that will add to the knowledge and power of man. But it should not merely listen to these diverse views; it should have some one who from time to time can interpret these ideas in the light of our feeling of brotherhood; there should be some one who can take from these various questions their more academic nature and didactic style, and infuse them all with the spirit of the true and natural religion. I mean, in other words, that we should have someone who somehow can keep alive the thought of the sacredness of human life, the invisible bonds of brotherhood, and keep the atmosphere of the meetings charged with that feeling of hope and good-will.

But I do not believe that we should attempt to do this by any formalism. I believe, speaking of this little Church, that it might be better not to have the responses or the set prayer, but to leave it to the leader to cull from the literature of the ages selections of beauty and power—from Emerson, Epictetus, Aurelius, Arnold, Henry George. This would tend to widen our viewpoint and illustrate the real spirituality of every theme.

Some one has said that beauty and truth in essence are the same, and so we who are in search of the truth should not neglect the beautiful things of life. This real Church should minister to our esthetic needs; with inspiring music, beautiful selections, and discussions not only of politics and religion but of the world of art.

As Mrs. Humphry Ward says:

Let the new faith then seize upon ritual, upon music and art, upon the method, in fact, of the majority and the common folk; for its days in the wilderness are done, and it is entering upon its ministry. And if it would be like its Master, let it speak in colored, parabolic, stimulating way, using the natural sensuous impulses for its own purposes, appealing without fear for itself, to those sources of delight—color, music, ordered speech, and magnificent action—which are "in widest commonalty spread." Entreat the emerging instinct to trust itself, appeal to the young especially, to spend time, love, craft and money in the attempt to make beautiful what they believe; to insist upon working it out into tangible, symbolic form, so that it may win the hearts of men, as the art of Angelico still wins them from the walls of San Marco.

The more I think of it, the more I begin to realize the real greatness of the idea of a People's Church, of a church of universal sympathies, of a Church for all men just because they are men. Why it is an idea, greater to my mind, than that of any creed of any Church yet established on this earth. It is an idea that should inspire us with the spirit of crusaders to go out and spread it through the world. I have heard of liberal Churches, but none of them were infused with the idea that brotherhood itself is wider, greater, more important than Christianity itself.

I believe if we could establish such centers as this throughout the land that it would reawaken the real religious life of the people as nothing else could. The doubters and scoffers could doubt no longer. The intelligent men and women, disgusted with many of the modern churches, could then find a place where they could unblushingly give vent to their real religious feelings. Such a Church and such a religion would infuse a new spirit into the private, public and business life of civilization.

J. M. Lloyd Thomas sums up the same idea in this splendid passage:

And this Church will be an organ of justice and mercy to rebuke the greed and cruelty of modern society. Being constitutionally democratic, she will make the cause of the people her own cause; seeing the multitudes she will be moved with compassion and seek to live like the Son of Man, to minister and not to be ministered unto. And to practical charities will be added the intellectual work of an enlightened and progressive faith that will have no part or lot in the ecclesiastical "crucifixion of thought."

If the religious world needs most of all fire and enthusiasm, it needs also reason and sweetness and light. Men, even when they seem most indifferent, are longing for the gospel of the diviner Christ and the humaner God which such a Church could bring to all terrified and sterile hearts. Let it be ours, then, to stand serenely yet resolutely strong; brave, yet humble and undefiant; unyielding in principle, yet charitable; honest and uncompromising, yet magnanimous; alone if need be, for the day will come when, if not we, then others, shall see what our hearts have dreamed.

Washington, D. C. B. F. LINDAS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIX.

How Priests and Altars Began

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken.
—"The Problem," Emerson

In studying the rise and evolution of the priest and altar sanctities we will again begin with the legend and myth source of our ideas. Of course, all religions believe that in the beginning their priesthood was divinely appointed. The story is very clear and explicit in our own Bible.

Moses in his leadership came to the necessity of dividing his work and appointed Aaron to represent the priestly side of religion. He appointed not only Aaron but Aaron's descendants, the tribe of Levi, to be forever the priestly tribe. Jewry rose into power and efficiency under the theory of a priesthood coming from a divinely appointed family, a tribe exempt from other duties and responsibilities in order that they might better accomplish the work.

The story of the rise of the temple is quite as explicit. In the 25th, 26th and 27th chapters of Exodus is a perfect description of a portable tabernacle, its dimensions, decorations, embroideries, etc. A modern architect has estimated the cost of the tabernacle and believes it could be reproduced for between five and six thousand dollars (not taking into account the present high prices). In the 21st chapter of I. Chronicles the Lord directed David to buy a certain threshing floor, which location we find in the third chapter of II. Chronicles, to be the site of the temple, specifications of which are given in full and on which spot Solomon did build his temple. First we have a portable tabernacle erected from divine revelation, then a real estate transaction by order of the Lord, followed by the construction of a temple according to specifications furnished by the Lord. A very definite outline similar to those found at the root of all religious systems.

In this presence we think we have little use for the priest. He is associated with Catholic formula, is a ritualist, a conservative and we draw a distinction between the priest and the prophet very much to the advantage of the prophet. But in the light of modern sociology and psychology that is a shallow disposal of the priest for he is a very solid factor in human history which vindicates, justifies and gives him a place.

This man of religion first appeared as the medicine man, a spiritual element in primitive man's organic life. He antedates the patriarch who was the primitive king, and as portrayed in Walter Scott's novels could summon his sons and his grandsons to fight against his neighbors and in proportion to his strength was free to herd his cattle wherever he pleased. But before the patriarch came the medicine man, always the healer and always the priest. The early prayer and the early cure were so closely allied, they cannot be thought of separately.

The following diagram indicates the development from this medicine man, the healer, the physician, the teacher and the preacher or priest. All these have subsequently branched off and divided until we have our present highly specialized modern society.

- Medicine Man
  - Physician
    - Surgeon — Orthopedic, etc.
    - Dentist
    - Oculist
    - Aurist
    - Internal Medicine — Stomach, Nerves
  - Teacher
    - Schoolma'am — Many branches
    - Professor — Perhaps 30 different lines or more
  - Minister
    - Priest — Monk, Bishop, Etc.
    - Prophet — Social Reformer, Private Moralist

We Protestants have discounted the priest and glorified the prophet and may well ask the question, when was the priest differentiated from the prophet? Why have we left the priest behind and still try to hold the prophet?

The dictionary has misinterpreted the word prophet. A prophet is not a foreteller but one who speaks for God. He is the mouthpiece, the messenger of God. We assume the foretelling from the fact that the man who has insight has also foresight which is especially true of the greatest prophets we have in history.

John Stuart Mills, although he had little use for religion, said that the centuries represented by the Isaiahs, Jeremiah and Hosea, made the greatest contribution to democracy and social reform found in literature.

The priest's place is a much humbler one, that of training, discipline, routine, "line upon line, precept upon precept," nothing new but a sticking to the old. Though the greatest prophetic era compassed in any part of the world's history was when those Hebrew prophets lived, those leaders did not save the Jews. Not until the Jews came back from Babylon under the tutorship of Ezekiel and Nehemiah, when they had developed a ritual, a fast day routine, did Judaism take the grip of life that has never since been lost sight of. The priesthood of Judasim kept it alive, and even such prophets as Rabbis Hirsch and Wise are negligible quantities when compared with the humbler constitu-

ency which holds the great bulk of orthodox Jewry in its hands.

A priesthood necessitated a holy place. We will let the dictionary help us to see the unfolding of the worship idea.

Priest. The word is a clumsy condensation and shortening of the word presbyter, Latin for elder.

Bishop. From a Latin word to see, **specere;** the bishop is literally the overseer. The next step is seen in the archbishop and finally the Pope, the **papa** of them all.

Synod is a coming together.

Tabernacle comes from the Roman word for **tent,** hav- the same root as table, tablet. We get the thing itself from the Jew; the word from the Latin word tent, to stretch, touch.

Hut comes from the same root as hide, a shelter made out of skins. It came to mean a small cottage, hovel or cabin. It has a military meaning, for the temporary housing of troops, as during the winter. Recently revived by the Y. M. C. A.

Chapel from the Latin capella, canopy, hood.

Temple, an open space, first used by the Greeks for sky, the temple of the world. Came to mean a consecrated place, an edifice. In its generic sense a more extended word than church, though the extension is simetfmes resented by the Jew.

Church, a Greek word, from Kurios, master, Kurakion, house of the master. The Anglo-Saxons badly mixed K's and C's and in English it became ckircke, kirke. Ecclesiastically speaking the Master is the Christ, hence Church is a Christian place of worship.

Cathedral, Latin cathedra, allied to our word chair, and has come to mean the church containing the bishop's throne or seat.

Ecclesiastic comes from Greek, ekklasia, an assembly, and has been elaborated into much organization and machinery.

This indicates something of the path we have taken from the medicine man. Henry James gives much interesting lore regarding the medicine woman. When you try to make the medicine man or woman stand for your religion you are looking backward. If religion cannot do more for you than cure your dyspepsia you are not in the line of spiritual development.

The evolution of the house of worship architecturally is inspiring. We will all agree that Gothic architecture is the highest elaboration of building yet reached. The Gothic arch is rooted psychologically speaking in the most primitive reverences of human nature. John Fiske rather shocks us by substituting for Bryant's noble lines, "The *graves* were God's first temple." But the sanctities are rooted in the graveyard. The hut was erected over the burial place of the beloved and the church has been the center of "God's acre" and many have been laid to rest within its walls. It is comparatively recently that we have separated the burial ground from the church. The greatest ancient buildings were monuments. The pyramids were built always for the dead bodies of kings. All cathedrals are built in the cruciform, perhaps primarily an attempt to make available in stone the impressions of the groves. Arrange the tree of the forest into aisles and you have the psychical source of the Gothic architecture of church building.

There are two classes of people to whom the power of the church and the priest seem to have waned. First, those who accept the philosophy of the Texas judge who made his subscription to the church considering "it was necessary for women and children;" today the practical philosophy of many people who live on the boulevards as well as the laboring people who live in tenements. The second class are the intellectuals, the professor and the wage earning woman who need their Sundays for intellectual pursuits. Why listen to an incoherent sermon when you can enjoy Browning at home? They refuse to see that with the growth of soul, the enlargement of intellect, the refining revealment of spirit, co-operative experiences, localized helps, organized assistance have an increasing value. The soul that withdraws from contact with other people, *all* people, is bargaining for imbecility and loses the high fruits of revelation that come from such contact.

The church with all its limitations is not only the oldest institution that human nature has developed but the broadest institution human nature has yet reached, yea—even so is the most dogmatic church known to man.

QUESTIONS.

(1) In what form did a man of religion first appear to primitive man?

(2) How did the medicine man develop into other specialized ministers?

(3) What is the difference between priest and prophet?

(4) Trace evolution of cathedral—source of Gothic architecture.

WHEN IN DOUBT—SING!

What's the matter? Lost your grip? And it's spring!
Can't you let the worry slip, do a thing
That will make the world less blue?
Perhaps the fault is only—you.
Hustle! Find a lot to do!
Try to sing!

There are cheerful words to say—don't be dumb!—
Cares to ease and drive away as they come.
Perhaps you're buttoned up all wrong;
Set things right; life isn't long;
If you can't contrive a song,
You can hum.

Ladies' Home Journal. —*Jean Dwight Franklin.*

AN ARTIST'S PRAYER.

Lord God, thou who dost paint with magic touch
The curtains of the soft and silent night,
This gift I ask, that o'er whatever cloth
My brush may glide, now to and fro and 'round,
There will come that which ever pleases thee.
Help me to make the things that beauty hold
Amid these veering lines and diverse shades,
That cheer will bring to sad and solemn men
And tired women in their dreary haunts,
That youth will not forget on highways hard
With troubled years, when somber night is on,
And when no kindly light leads through the way,
That joy and love may dawn like new born days
In hearts where long the chambers have been dark.
Let lowly life and dusty, daily toil
Come near me evermore and day by day
That I forget not them that still are kind
Though tried by years of unrequited toil,
Alas! and sometimes want and age and pain.
Let me not love my pictures more than men,
Nor follow the wild lead of some mad dream,
Nor see myself as if above the crowd
Commanding that they all shall bow their heads;
Instead, with kindly heart and gentle hand
And smiles upon my face, let me serve them
Whose muscles ache at evening's twilight fall
While mine in comfort still are fresh and strong.
May all these be not empty, idle words,
But all the burden of my life's sweet task.
And when thou seest that my work is done,
Let me feel thy soft evening shadows fall
As when I climbed into my nursery bed
With childish faith in time's old long ago;
And let the kiss of peace lie on my lips.

—*Max Ehrmann.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Charles W. Casson, Francis A. Christie, George Willis Cooke, Percy M. Dawson, Frank C. Doan, Charles F. Dole, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Chester Lloyd Jones, David Starr Jordan, Newton Mann, George Grover Mills, Fred A. Moore, George W. Nasmyth, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Jabez T. Sunderland, Albert R. Vail, Arthur L. Weatherly, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West

The UNITY Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE SPRING FESTIVAL.

The occasion of the Spring Festival at Lincoln Centre marks a very important point in its annual history. All departments unite in making an exhibit of the work for the year and the result is a week filled full with entertainments of various kinds, exhibits of work done and evidence of the spirit of co-operation and helpfulness which prevails throughout the year in this great character-making factory.

This season the week's work was inaugurated on Sunday, May 26, with Mr. Jones's annual Decoration Day Sermon, "The Super-Martial Triumphs of American Soldiers." While giving all credit and honor to the splendid valor of the army fighting from '61 to '65 the speaker emphasized the immense value to the country and to the world of the sober second thought, the wisdom and efficiency that bloomed into reconstruction effectiveness, the after-the-war usefulness of such men as Robert E. Lee and U. S. Grant, the super-martial victories of the thousands of soldiers of high and low rank which brought order out of confusion, comfort out of misery and hope out of something very like despair.

The regular last-Sunday-of-the-month Concert was given Sunday afternoon, Mr. Charles Lee Cocke presiding at the fine organ, Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson singing and Mr. Jones reading two of Robert Browning's poems depicting Greek valor.

On Monday night a crowded hall enjoyed Miss Mary Lackersteen's dancing classes, but evidently not so well as did the daintily garbed youngsters who did the "Plyasovaia," the "Petite Coquette," the Maypole dance and the many graceful folk dances.

An evening of dramatics with music by the Oakland Symphony Orchestra made Tuesday a marked night. The older girls brought out the witty points of a little skit called "The Dress Rehearsal of Hamlet" and the Mothers' Club, under the direction of Miss Laura Pugh, gave an exceedingly clever rendition of Miss Zona Gale's homey playlet "Neighbors."

On Wednesday night the boys held the stage. In charge of Mr. Floyd S. Pulrang a class of Juniors gave an exhibition of supervised game playing that the audience enjoyed almost as much as the kids themselves. The good natured, rough and tumble of the tug-of-war gave promise of plenty of football material in the future. Some of the older boys, members of the Owl Club, debated the question, "Resolved, That the Government Should Control Movie Censorship in the United States." These young men earned much credit for the careful preparation evidently put upon this function and the deliberately cogent presentation of their arguments. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative but a vote of the audience would have undoubtedly fairly divided the honors.

Miss Helen Fleming, the musical director, scored a decided triumph in the exhibit of the work done along her special lines on Friday evening in a program covering singing by the boys, an operetta by the small girls, selections by a stringed quartette and a Cantata by Denza, called "The Garden of Flowers."

Prizes for Manual Training and Domestic Science work were also awarded, the work itself—and a very creditable exhibit it was—being on view several days on the fourth floor.

The week's work was closed as it had been opened with a sermon by Mr. Jones. He celebrated Mothers' Day, in accordance with the many years ago suggestion of Julia Ward Howe, on the first Sunday in June and took as his particular prototype of this class, the too little recognized "Sarah Bush Lincoln, the Blessed Stepmother" of the man in whose name the Abraham Lincoln Centre carries on the steadily growing work but faintly suggested in this week's exhibit, carries it on with the minimum of outside help of any kind but the maximum of patient enthusiasm and confident hopefulness on the inside.

—A. L. K.

DRINK—A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA.

There never was a time when America so needed her sober senses as today—it is a time when selfishness must be subordinated to the great task of winning the war.

But there's one fact that stands out clear and sharp as we take a world-wide view of the war—namely, that we've got to reckon not only with "Kaiser Bill Hohenzollern" but with "Kaiser John Barleycorn."

Every great general in this war—every great strategist who has had the courage to face all the facts has pointed out the danger of drink.

Lloyd George put it this way:

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and drink, and as far as I can see, the greatest of the three deadly foes is drink."

Marshal Joffre said:

"Alcohol, by diminishing the moral and material strength of the Army, is

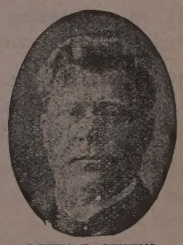
FOR ANY MINISTER about to retire owing to failing health the purchase of an annuity forms an ideal testimonial.

For details apply
E. BASIL LUPTON
10 Humboldt St., Cambridge, Mass.
Agent for leading American and British Life Offices

FUNERAL CHAPEL PRIVATE AMBULANCE

HARRY A. BARBOUR

BARBOUR & GUSTIN
UNDERTAKERS
4141 Cottage Grove Ave.
CORNER BOWEN AVENUE
Chicago, Ill.
Telephone, Drexel 154


LEWIS V. GUSTIN

a crime against national defense in the face of the enemy."

"Men with drink in them don't fight —they brawl," said Vance Thompson. "It is not boldness men get out of drink. What they get is the fuddled logic of the maniac."

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink" declared Lloyd George—

Today England's foes are America's foes. We know how to meet the first two, but what are we doing about the Third?

We can fight THIS enemy at home. Can we count on you?

If you believe that the traffic in Alcohol does more harm than good—HELP STOP IT!

Strengthen America Campaign
Prepared by Charles Stelzle.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

The Internationalist

"THE MOST CONSTRUCTIVE MAGAZINE FOR SOCIALISM IN AMERICA"

Formerly: ***The Western Comrade***

The Foremost Journalistic Champion of

International Peace
The Brotherhood of Man

It also tells all about the **Llano Del Rio Co-operative Colonies** where 1,000 Socialists, located on a fertile tract of 20,000 acres of land, have been proving for 2 years that co-operation is practicable. It explains how, in the highlands of Louisiana, the foundation has been laid for a New Social Order.

10c a Copy—No Free Samples
$1.00 a Year

The Llano Publications
Dept. U. **LEESVILLE, LA.**

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { **Oakland 100** / **Drexel 5-1288**

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Application

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

GREGG SCHOOL
6 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

¶A select school of shorthand, typewriting, and allied business subjects.

¶Its courses of study are comprehensive, thorough, resultful, preparing graduates for positions as stenographers and secretaries, court reporters, commercial teachers, and in the Civil Service.

¶Day and evening sessions all the year. Students may begin any week and advance according to individual ability.

¶Gregg graduates hold positions of trust and responsibility with the leading business concerns and professional men of Chicago and elsewhere. We receive more calls than we have graduates available.

¶Call at office, write, or telephone (Randolph 6040) for a copy of our catalogue fully explaining the many exclusive advantages enjoyed by our students.